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[Translated for this Journal.]

## Richard Wagner's Programme to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

It is a difficult matter for any one, not intimately acquainted with this wonderfully significant work of Art, to understand it on the first hearing. Hence it may be permitted to offer some aid to that considerable portion of an audience, who find themselves in this predicament; not indeed with a view to imparting an absolute understanding of Beethoven's masterpiece—since that can only come from intimate personal study and insight—but simply with the hope of furnishing some hints illustrative of its artistic arrangement, which in the great peculiarity and entirely unimitated novelty of the work might escape the observation of the unprepared and easily confused hearer. Taking it for granted that it is the essential problem of the higher instrumental music, to express in tones what cannot be expressed in words, we think we can approximate to the solution of an insoluble problem by calling in the aid of words of our great poet GOETHE. These, to be sure, stand in no immediate connection with Beethoven's work, and can in no wise indi-

cate the meaning of his purely musical creation with any thoroughness. Yet so nobly do they express those higher moods of the human soul which lie at the foundation of this symphony, that in the impossibility of any fuller understanding one may content himself with identifying these moods, so that he need not go away from a hearing of the music without at least some apprehension of its purport.

FIRST MOVEMENT (*Allegro ma non troppo, D minor*).—A most sublimely conceived conflict of the soul, struggling after joy, against the pressure of that hostile power, that stations itself between us and all earthly bliss, appears to lie at the foundation of this first movement. The great main theme, which at the very outset steps forth from a gloomy veil in all the nakedness of its terrible might, may perhaps, not altogether inappropriately to the sense of the entire tone-poem, be translated by the words of Goethe:

"Entbehren sollst du! Sollst entbehren!"

[This in most of the translations is rendered: "Renounce! Thou must renounce." But the word *entbehren* does not signify "renounce." The meaning of the phrase is, (for it cannot be given in a word), that it is the destiny of man always to have wants which cannot be satisfied.]

Opposed to this powerful enemy we recognize a noble spirit of defiance, a manly energy of resistance, which to the very middle of the movement rises to an open conflict with the adversary, in which we seem to see two mighty wrestlers, each of whom leaves off invincible. In isolated gleams of light we may discern the sweet sad smile of happiness, that seems to seek us, for whose possession we strive, and from whose attainment we are withheld by that maliciously powerful foe, who overshadows us with his nocturnal wings, so that even to ourselves the prospect of that far off grace is dimmed and we relapse into a dark brooding, which has only power to rouse itself again to new defiance and resistance, and to new wrestlings with the demon who robs us of true joy. Thus force, resistance, struggle, longing, hoping, almost reaching, again losing, again seeking, again battling—such are the elements of restless movement in this marvellous piece of music, which droops however now and then into that more continuous state of utter joylessness, which Goethe denotes by the words:

"But to new horror I awake each morn  
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun

Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn  
Accomplishes no wish of mine,—not one;  
Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs  
E'en the presentiment of every joy,  
While low realities and paltry cares  
The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.  
And then when falls again the veil of night,  
Stretch'd on my couch I languish in despair;  
Appalling dreams my troubled soul affright;  
No soothing rest vouchsafed me even there," &c.

At the close of the movement, this dreary, joyless mood, growing to gigantic magnitude, seems to embrace the All, as if in grand and awful majesty it would fain take possession of this world, which God has made—for JOY!

SECOND MOVEMENT. (*Scherzo molto vivace*.) A wild delight seizes us at once with the first rhythms of this second movement: it is a new world into which we enter, in which we are whirled away to giddiness, to loss of reason; it is as if, urged by desperation, we fled before it, in ceaseless, restless efforts chasing a new and unknown happiness, since the old one, that once sunned us with its distant smile, seems to have utterly forsaken us. Goethe expresses this impulse, not without significance perhaps for the present case, in the following words:

—"The end I aim at is not JOY.

I crave excitement, agonizing bliss," &c.

—"In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,  
Let us our fiery passions still!

Enwrapped in magic's veil profound,  
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!  
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,  
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!  
There may alternate weal and woe,  
Success and failure, as they can,  
Mingle and shift in changeable dance;  
Excitement is the sphere for man!"

With the headlong entrance of the middle-subject there suddenly opens upon us one of those scenes of earthly recreation and indulgence: a certain downright jollity seems expressed in the simple, oft-repeated theme; it is full of *naïveté* and self-satisfied cheerfulness, and we are tempted to think of Goethe's description of such homely contentment:

"I now must introduce to you  
Before aught else, this jovial crew,  
To show how lightly life may glide away;  
With them each day's a holiday;  
With little wit and much content,  
Each on his own small round intent," &c.

But to recognize such limited enjoyment as the goal of our restless chase after satisfaction and the

noblest joy, is not our destiny: our look upon this scene grows clouded; we turn away and resign ourselves anew to that restless impulse, which with the goading of despair urges us unceasingly on to seize the fortune, which, alas! we are not destined to reach so; for at the close of the movement we are again impelled toward that scene of comfortable indulgence, which we have already met, and which we this time at the first recognition of it repulse from us with impatient haste.

**THIRD MOVEMENT.** (*Adagio molto e cantabile*, in B flat major). How differently these tones speak to our hearts! How pure, how heavenly soothing, they melt the defiance, the wild impulse of the soul tormented by despair, into a tender and melancholy feeling! It is as if memory awoke within us,—the memory of an early enjoyed and purest happiness:

"Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,  
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,  
While, fraught with solemn and mysterious power,  
Chimed the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss."

And with this recollection there comes over us once more that sweet longing, that is so beautifully expressed in the second theme of this movement (*Andante moderato*, D major), and to which we may not unfitly apply Goethe's words:

"A yearning impulse, undefined yet dear,  
Drove me to wander on through wood and field;  
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,  
I felt with holy joy a world revealed."

It seems like the longing of love, which again is answered, only with more movement and embellishment of expression, by that hope-promising and sweetly tranquillizing first theme, so that on the return of the second it seems to us as if love and hope embraced, so that they might the more entirely exert their gentle power over our tormented soul. It is when Faust speaks, after the Easter bells and chorus of angels:

"Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,  
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?  
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among."

Even so seems the yet quivering heart with soft resistance to wish to keep them off: but their sweet power is greater than our already mitigated defiance; we throw ourselves overpowered into the arms of this gracious messenger of purest bliss:

"O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,  
Tears now are gushing,—Earth, I'm thine again!"

Yes, the bleeding heart seems to be getting healed and re-invigorated, and to be manning itself to that exalted courage which we think we recognize in the almost triumphant passage, towards the end of the movement. Still, this elevation is not yet free from the reaction of the storms survived; but every approach of the old pain is instantly met with renewed alleviation from that gentle, magic power, before which finally, as in the last expiring gleams of lightning, the dispersed storm disappears.

**FOURTH MOVEMENT.** The transition from the third to the fourth movement, which begins as it were with a shrill shriek, may be pretty well indicated again by Goethe's words:

"But ah! I feel, howe'er I yearn for rest,  
Content flows now no longer from my breast."—  
—"A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!  
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?  
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon  
Hang heaven and earth, from which the blighted soul  
Yearneth to draw sweet solace, still ye roll

Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where!  
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?"

With this beginning of the last movement, Beethoven's music assumes decidedly a more speaking character. It quits the character, preserved in the three first movements, of pure instrumental music, which is marked by an infinite and indeterminate expression. The progress of the musical invention or poem presses to a decision, to a decision such as can only be expressed in human speech. Let us admire the way in which the master prepares the introduction of speech and the human voice, as a necessity to be expected, in this thrilling Recitative of the instrumental basses, which, already almost forsaking the limits of absolute music, as it were with eloquent, pathetic speech approaches the other instruments, urging them to a decision, and finally itself passes over into a song-theme, which sweeps the other instruments along with it in its simple, solemn, joyous current and so swells to a mighty pitch. This seems like the final effort to express by instrumental music alone a secure, well-defined, and never clouded state of joy; but the untractable element seems incapable of this limitation; it foams up to a roaring sea, subsides again, and stronger than ever presses the wild, chaotic shriek of unsatisfied passion upon our ear.—Then steps forth toward the tumult of the instruments a human voice, with the clear and sure expression of speech, and we know not whether we shall most admire the bold suggestion or the great naïveté of the master, when he lets this voice exclaim to the instruments:

"Friends, no more of these tones! rather let us sing together more pleasant and more joyful strains!"

With these words it grows light in the chaos; a definite and sure utterance is gained, in which we, borne upon the subdued element of the instrumental music, may hear now clearly and distinctly expressed, what to our tormented striving after joy must seem enduring, highest bliss. And here commences Schiller's

#### "HYMN TO JOY.

"Joy, thou brightest heaven-lit spark,  
Daughter from the Elysian choir,  
On thy holy ground we walk,  
Reeling with ecstatic fire.  
Thou canst bind in one again  
All that custom tears apart;  
All mankind are brothers, when  
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

#### CHORUS.

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!  
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!  
Friends, yon dome of starry-bliss  
Is a loving Father's place.

"Who the happy lot doth share,  
Friend to have, and friend to be—  
Who a lovely wife holds dear—  
Mingle in our Jubilee!  
Yea—who calls one soul his own,  
One on all earth's ample round:—  
Who cannot, may steal alone,  
Weeping from our holy ground!

#### CHORUS.

"Sympathy with blessings crown  
All that in life's circle are!  
To the stars she leads us, where  
Dwells enthroned the great Unknown.

"Joy on every living thing  
Nature's bounty doth bestow,  
Good and bad still welcoming;—  
In her rosy path they go.

Kisses she to us has given,  
Wine, and friends in death approved;—  
Sense the worm has;—but in heaven  
Stands the soul, of God beloved.

#### CHORUS

"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?  
Feel ye the Creator near?  
Seek him in yon starry sphere:  
O'er the stars he governs all.

"Joy impels the quick rotation,  
Sure return of night and day:  
Joy's the main-spring of Creation,  
Keeping every wheel in play.  
She draws from buds the flowerets fair,  
Brilliant suns from azure sky,  
Rolls the spheres in trackless air,  
Realms unreached by mortal eye.

#### CHORUS.

"As his suns, in joyful play,  
On their airy circles fly,—  
As the knight to victory,—  
Brothers, speed upon your way.

"From Truth's burning mirror still  
Her sweet smiles th' inquirer greet;  
She up Virtue's toilsome hill  
Guides the weary pilgrim's feet;  
On Faith's sunny mountain, wave,  
Floating far, her banners bright;  
Through the rent walls of the grave  
Flits her form in angel light.

#### CHORUS.

"Patient, then, ye myriads, live!  
To a better world press on!  
Seated on his starry throne,  
God the rich reward will give.  
For the Gods what thanks are meet?  
Like the Gods, then, let us be:  
All the poor and lowly greet  
With the glad some and the free;  
Banish vengeance from our breast,  
And forgive our deadliest foe;  
Bid no anguish mar his rest,  
No consuming tear-drops flow.

#### CHORUS.

"Be the world from sin set free!  
Be all mutual wrong forgiven;  
Brothers, in that starry heaven,  
As we judge our doom shall be.

"Joy upon the red wine dances;  
By the magic of the cup  
Rage dissolves in gentle trances,  
Dead despair is lifted up.  
Brothers, round the nectar flies,  
Mounting to the beaker's edge.  
Toss the foam off to the skies!  
Our Good Spirit here we pledge!

#### CHORUS.

"Him the seraphs ever praise,  
Him the stars that rise and sink.  
Drink to our good Spirit, drink!  
High to him our glasses raise!

"Spirits firm in hour of woe—  
Help to innocence oppressed—  
Truth alike to friend or foe—  
Faith unbroken—wrongs redressed—  
Manly pride before the throne,  
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—  
Wreaths to just desert alone—  
Downfall to all falsehood's brood!

#### CHORUS.

"Closer draw the holy ring!  
By the sparkling wine-cup now,  
Swear to keep the solemn vow—  
Swear it by the heavenly King!

Animated, warlike sounds approach: we fancy that we see a troop of youths marching up, whose joyous, heroic spirit is expressed in the words:

"As his suns, in joyful play,  
On their airy circles fly,—  
As the knight to victory,  
Brothers, speed upon your way."

This leads to a sort of joyful contest, expressed by instruments alone; we see the youths plunge boldly into battle, of which the crown of victory shall be Joy; and yet again we feel prompted to cite words of Goethe:

"He only merits liberty or life,  
Who daily conquers them."

The victory, of which we doubted not, is won; the exertions of strength are rewarded by the smile of joy, which breaks forth jubilant in the consciousness of bliss *newly earned* by conquest:

"Joy, thou brightest," &c.

And now in the high feeling of Joy the expression of the universal Love of Man bursts forth from the swelling breast; in sublime inspiration we turn from the embrace of the whole human race to the great Creator of all things, whose benign presence we declare with clearest consciousness, yes—whose face we in a moment of sublimest transport imagine we behold through the blue opening ether:

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!  
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!  
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss  
Is a loving Father's place."  
"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?  
Feel ye the Creator near?  
Seek him in yon starry sphere:  
O'er the stars he governs all."

It is as if now revelation justified us in the beatific faith: *that every man was made for Joy*. In the most powerful conviction we respond to one another:

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!"

and:

"Joy, thou brightest," &c.

For in the league or communion of divinely sanctioned universal human love, we may enjoy the purest joy.—No longer merely in the thrill of the sublimest imagination, but in the expression of a directly revealed, sweetly inspiring truth we may answer the question:

"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?  
Feel ye the Creator near?"

with:

"Seek him in yon starry sphere," &c.

In the most confiding possession of the happiness vouchsafed, of the most child-like susceptibility to joy regained, we now surrender ourselves to its fruition: innocence of heart is restored to us, and with benediction the soft wing of Joy is spread over us:

"Thou can'st bind in one again  
All that custom tears apart;  
All mankind are brothers, when  
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart."

To the mild beatitude of Joy succeeds now its jubilee:—jubilant we clasp the world to our breast; shouting and revelry fill the air like the thunder of the cloud, like the roar of the sea, which in everlasting motion and beneficent agitation quicken and sustain the earth for the joy of Man, to whom God gave it that he might be happy thereupon.

"EMBRACE, YE MILLIONS! IS NOT THIS THE KISS OF THE WHOLE WORLD? BROTHERS,—O'ER YON STARRY DOME MUST A DEAR FATHER DWELL.—JOY! JOY, BEAUTIFUL SPARK OF DEITY!"

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, for Jan. 1845.

### Music in Germany and Belgium.

(Concluded.)

It is pleasant to observe among the musicians of the actual epoch, some who bear the names of certain great organists formed in the school of Sebastian Bach, viz.: Krebs, Kittl, &c. These are, doubtless, the descendants of composers, in whom, after lying dormant for a generation or two, the spirit of music is again awakened. We are thankful even for a name that revives associations with great masters or solemn styles of music, and we could not see among the able organists of Berlin, that of Thiele without remembering that such a name is connected historically with the formation of Handel's individual and majestic style on the organ. Meantime new names have sprung up allied to deeds of fame in composition and practical skill worthy to forestall antiquity. Adolph Hesse, organist of the cathedral of Breslau, is one of this class. He has written the most excellent organ music, besides six symphonies for the orchestra, that are exceedingly well received among new compositions of that kind; while his playing discovers a noble style, and a mechanism so neat, smooth and distinct, that Spohr, mentioning him with admiration, once exclaimed 'He makes the pedals sing.' The musical traveller who visits the cathedral cities of Germany, finds the imposing effect of the spacious and venerable *Dom Kirche* greatly enhanced in most cases by the size, magnificence, and architectural symmetry of its enormous organ, an edifice itself, and not an unimpressive one even in its silence, adorned as it is by sumptuous wood-carvings, by figures of jubilant angels with uplifted trumpets, and every symbol of sacred harmony and solemn adoration. The liberality which furnished these fine instruments is like the whole plan of Gothic ornament and architecture, one of the magnificent mysteries of the past. Such an organ as we have described, of an immense semicircular front covering the whole breadth of the choir, and rising to its greatest height at the wings, angel crowned, stands in the cathedral of which Hesse is the principal organist. This, with its noble pedal pipes, and endless stock of combinations, might well pique the skill and invention of the artist, who, in this particular instance, has become the first performer of his country; but similar advantages enjoyed here and there by others, together with the quiet life of Germany, have conspired to keep organ music at a very high state of cultivation, and we take this pursuit, which is often prosecuted with great ardor in comparative solitude, to realize as much of Arcadian simplicity and enjoyment as musical life is capable of affording. We have followed; with great pleasure, Hesse to Paris, whither he was invited to display the effects of a new organ erected in the church of St. Eustache, and to introduce the German style of organ playing, as exhibited in the execution of Bach's fugues and Toccatas. We can imagine the surprise with which this fine music, with its splendid examples of the obligato pedal, must have burst upon the French artists, who, though not destitute of talent of a certain order, were wholly so of mechanism, playing to their extemporary compositions nothing but *pizzicato* basses, and that only with one foot, while the other rested very conveniently on a ledge made, as it seemed, for that purpose. Notwithstanding this backwardness in the management of their organ, the musicians at St. Eustache understood and relished good music; the motets of Palestrina were the order of the day among them, and from the appreciation of so severe a style to that of Bach's organ music, is but a gentle gradation. Let us hope that Hesse has established a school of execution which will shortly find as many disciples in Paris as it has already obtained among the rising musicians of London.

There is little encouragement in the present state of Catholic Church government to attempt to supply new orchestral compositions for the service,—masses, motets, &c., of which so many ad-

mirable specimens have been furnished within these few years by Hummel and Cherubini. Indeed it seems doubtful at present whether orchestras will not be entirely forbidden to assist in the offices of the Catholic Church, a movement to that effect having taken place in Flanders, the especial domain of popery; but still, under orders so imperfect in authority, and so partially influential, that the musicians driven from one church have found refuge and countenance in another. It is not a very easy or a very safe matter to attempt innovations where pleasure has for a series of years gone hand in hand with duty; and the restoration of the austere plain chant of the Gregorian era, endangers heresy in those who are accustomed to the benignity and graciousness of religion according to the beautiful version of it given in Mozart's and Haydn's masses. We know of no more portentous thing than the sounds of a Gregorian *canto fermo* delivered in a requiem or other solemnity from the thick throats of a number of hale priests, who seem as if they had learned music of bulls, bass-horns, and ophiocleides; the effect of their unison on the nerves of a sensitive stranger is tremendous, it fills the imagination with gloom and horror. But the impression of this atrabilious music is weakened by habit, and though one must here recognize a powerful engine if occasionally employed, or in the hands of a good composer, yet nature resists continual denunciations, and vindicates a pleasantness as her constant mode of life even in religion. Curiously enough it happens that while the Catholics are identifying their service with this severe, unisonous chant, the Puseyites are endeavoring to introduce the same into the reformed Anglican church; by which we may see that the Gregorian *canto fermo* is a powerful lever in religion, and of admirable utility as a first step in the assimilation of creeds. This innovation will, however, certainly meet with resistance in Germany, particularly at Dresden, Munich and Vienna, where there are fine orchestras which have tended much to incorporate music with divine service in those places, and to render one hardly distinguishable from the other. This is, perhaps, as it should be; ancient doctors having discovered, in the elements of harmony, the symbols of the Trinity. At all events, whatever disagreements may exist among the hierarchy as to the proper style of church music, the mass, according to the form which its music has assumed in the hands of Haydn and Mozart, possesses devotees who will support it independent of churches and the opinion of zealots. This they do purely out of musical enthusiasm: the mass exhibits such admirable varieties of treatment, admits such pathos, elegance, choral grandeur, and beauty of instrumentation, that it stands out, like the symphony, a test of very peculiar talents in the art of composition, appreciable by secular ears as well as those of the orthodox. Thus Reissiger employs himself with much zeal in extracting new effects from the fine choir and orchestra of the church of Our Lady at Dresden; and others, without his advantages, are tempted to the same kind of employment through the premiums offered by private societies, and their own natural inclination to the task. The protection of church music by persons totally unconnected with the church, is a peculiar characteristic of this age—it is a thing of passion and sentiment like the Gothic arch, or storied window, those mute chroniclers of faded chivalry and romance—and the feeling abounds alike in Germany and in England. Perhaps no more memorable instance of it was ever given, than when, a year or two ago in London, some of the first musicians and amateurs met together to perform "Tallis's Litany," after a dinner at a tavern. The enthusiasm of publication, whether of Catholic or Protestant music (for in this distinction of creed are unknown), keeps pace with that of performance. Whatever excellence the past has, which may be conducive to modern delight or advancement, finds its way into public. Among the novelties of old music, that the musicians will view with delight in the immortality of print, are a number of the manuscript cantatas of Sebastian Bach, of which one hundred and thirty-four were collected at Berlin about the commencement



of the present year. We shall now see this great composer—incontestably, as facts have proved, the most voluminous musical author that ever lived—placed by the side of Handel in vocal composition. It were presumption to anticipate a futurity of thirty years as to the probably then existing opinion upon these great composers; but the march of time and opinion, at present, is strongly in favor of Bach, a man whose style necessarily awaited an age of cultivation for due homage. This Albert Durer of music seems to have anticipated all the grace and charm of modern melody, without having made further acquaintance with the Italian models of his day than might be found in an occasional journey to hear Hesse's operas at Dresden. The cadences and harmonies of Mozart and Beethoven abound in his works, as they do also in the works of the great Henry Purcell; while Handel, who had travelled in Italy, has decidedly a more antiquated air.

**WHISPERING IN CONCERTS.**—The following anecdote from the life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli should be printed on large cards in every concert room, and it might do good in some private houses.

A party had gone early, and taken an excellent place, to hear one of Beethoven's symphonies. Just behind them were soon seated a young lady and two gentlemen, who made an incessant buzzing, in spite of bitter looks cast on them by the whole neighborhood, and destroyed all musical comfort. After all was over, Margaret leaned across one seat, and catching the eye of this girl, who was pretty and well dressed, said, in the blandest, gentlest voice, "May I speak with you one moment?" "Certainly," said the young lady, with a fluttered, pleased look, bending forward. "I only wish to say," said Margaret, "that I trust that, in the whole course of your life, you will not suffer so great a degree of annoyance as you have inflicted on a large party of lovers of music this evening."

[From a Letter in the London Musical World.]

### Music in Paris.

I was delighted with the theatres. I visited the Grand Opera twice, the *Opera Comique* twice, the *Italiens* once, and one or two of the minor theatres. The Grand Opera is a magnificent house, decorated with great splendor and taste, and admirably constructed with a view to general convenience. The pit—decidedly the most comfortable I ever sat in—is divided into three compartments—the orchestra stalls, the parterre, and the amphitheatre stalls. The last named place is the best part of the house for seeing and hearing. There are but few private boxes—at least enclosed boxes—and this certainly subtracts from the aristocratic appearance of the theatre. The same thing is remarked at the *Italiens* and the *Opera Comique*. In fact Paris in its theatres is like Paris in its streets. All is splendor and show. The privacy and exclusiveness of fashion is wanting. The band of the Grand Opera is very fine; more perfect, perhaps, than that of the Royal Italian Opera, but neither so powerful nor possessed of such soloists. In the obtaining of pianos, and in accompanying singers pianissimo, it is capable of reading our orchestras a lesson. The chorus of the Grand Opera, too, is excellent, and far surpasses that of either of our Italian houses. On the other hand, we surpass the French theatres in our scene paintings and decorations. I had a good opportunity of judging on this point in the new ballet *Orfa*, and the *Roberto il Diavolo*. The ballet was splendidly got up, and its groupings especially could not be excelled; but in the scenery I saw nothing that could be brought into competition with the paintings of Grieve, Telbin, Beverley, or many others I could mention. Nor did *Roberto il Diavolo* at all come up to what I had expected from the Grand Opera. Indeed, in no respect—the chorus excepted—could the production of Meyerbeer's great work at the *Academie Imperiale* (now so called, in place of *Royale*),

bear comparison with that of Covent Garden. I did not hear a singer who pleased me, except Mlle. Le Grua, and she certainly promises well. She has a lovely voice, and sings like a musician. If she could get away from the Academy, she might make a great artist. If she do not,—

I was wonderfully pleased with Fanny Cerrito. She is more graceful and piquante than ever. She has grown much thinner, and now indeed dances like a thorough-bred fairy.

At the *Opera Comique* I missed *Marco Spada* twice. I saw an act of *Giralda* with which I was not deeply enamored, and the *Domino Noir*, which was capitally performed, and delighted me as much as ever. In the last-named opera Mme. Ugalde was very charming and very French.

At the *Italiens* I saw the far-famed *Luisa Miller*, and found no reasons why it should be famed, but many why it should be far. The story is not bad, but the music from first to last is devoid of interest. I listened in vain for a melody. I could not catch a tune—even a Verdi tune. How the work keeps its position on the stage is to me a miracle. Sophie Crivelli, you will be delighted to learn, is greatly improved. While all her former fire, magnificence, and enthusiasm remain, she has subdued them more, and rendered them thereby more prominent and effective. Sophie was accustomed to give her genius too much of the spur and too little of the bridle. She has amended all that. Moreover, her vocalization is all the better for a little more finish and artifice. Her *Luisa Miller* is a very great and a very chaste performance. In one scene I admired her more than ever I did. She carries the audience completely away with her nightly in this play; and if you know anything of the audiences of the *Salle Ventadour*—which you do—you will allow this is doing wonders. Sophie Crivelli is in immense favor with the Parisians, and the whole vogue of the *Italiens* must now be attributed to her. Meyerbeer, I understand, is enraptured with her, and would bring out his *Africaine* directly at the Grand Opera, if he could procure Sophie for his heroine. It is to be hoped for the sake of art and the Grand Opera, that Meyerbeer may be enabled to procure Sophie Crivelli for his new opera, *L'Africaine*. *Ernani* has been produced under a new title, *Il Proscritto*, Victor Hugo having, it is said, refused permission to allow his drama to be used. I did not see *Il Proscritto*, but the cast was much the same as you have seen at Her Majesty's Theatre last season and the season before. *Don Giovanni* is in preparation. Signor Lorenzo will be the Don and Sophie Crivelli Donna Anna. Vigorous efforts are being made to bring out Mozart's chef-d'œuvre in a worthy manner; but I have my doubts as to the issue.

I had the good fortune to dine with Meyerbeer one day last week. The company invited was select and distinguished. I recognized Hector Berlioz, M. Méry, the brilliant wit and friend of Rossini; MM. Fiorentino and Theophile Gautier, the worthy confreres of Jules Janin among Parisian feuilletonistes; Jules Lecomte; M. Giraud, conductor of the band of the Grand Opera; and Dr. Bacher, the great diplomatic dramatic agent. Others were present whom I did and did not know. The banquet was princely, and Meyerbeer played the courteous host in a manner that might have served as a model for his Imperial Majesty even in the Palace of the Tuilleries.

Vivier is in Paris, and walks the Boulevards, filled with good things, like a turkey stuffed with truffles. His company is sought everywhere. The Emperor sends telegraphic despatches from the Tuilleries to the Turkish Embassy, where Vivier resides, and invites him to a small tea party. Vivier takes time to consider whether he will obey or not; and when he has made up his mind, finds it too late to go. But the Emperor knows him, and invites him again with more *empressement*. Whoever goes to Paris, and falls not into Vivier's society, is indeed unfortunate. Vivier is a living fountain of humor, the waters of which are sparkling, fresh, and ever changing. Whoso has not drunk thereof hath lost a draught, the flavor of which would live in his palate as long as memory. At a word, Vivier is a profound humorist, an inimitable actor, a subtle and intellectual cari-

caturist, and, to conclude, the best horn-player in the world. Query—Since Vivier is about to proceed to America, for which of the above qualities will he be most prized by the Yankees?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### From my Diary. No. XV.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21. Again at my desk with a few jottings, collected during some days' absence from my note book.

What is that indescribable something, which makes one arrangement and succession of notes music, and another trash? As difficult of answer as the question, why one page of words marshalled in rhyme and rhythm is poetry and another doggerel? We recognize poetry as well in Milton's sonnet:

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East;" &c.,

as in "Paradise Lost," and we recognize the soul of music as well in a Psalm tune as in the "Messiah" or the Choral Symphony. I was forcibly struck with this during some delightful hours spent in a family circle, of highly refined and cultivated musical taste, of whom one, at least, was familiar with the highest and best that the English, French and German capitals could offer, during the days of Lablache, Grisi, Tamburini, &c.,—one who had made a far grander tour than the Diarist, and was familiar with the best that the church, opera-house or concert-room abroad can offer. And yet, gathered round the piano in that little study, they stood delighted and absorbed in the psalm tunes of Zeuner! Is it not strange that there exists one collection, and only one, which however familiar it becomes, however much it may be sung, is ever fresh and new? While of the tunes of others equally fertile, there is here and there one that is not forgotten, is not worn out, of this man's there are scores, which only grow better the oftener one turns to them. The wealth of melody and magnificent harmony lavished upon the "American Harp" is sufficient to set up a hundred and fifty common tune-manufacturers. People speak of the fertility of imagination and high scientific attainment exhibited in this, that or the other opera; does not such a collection of short pieces exhibit this as well? Do not Shakespeare's sonnets exhibit his genius and culture as well as his "Lear"? Tom Moore's songs his genius as well as his longer poems?

I doubt if Zeuner is duly appreciated.

There is hardly a great composition for church or stage which one person at least would rather hear than Zeuner's "Feast of Tabernacles," the oratorio which after a few performances in Boston some years since he withdrew—there is too much reason to fear—forever!

Apocryphal to Zeuner's tunes, a few days after the visit referred to, I was amused, in looking over a list of tunes sung in a certain church during the past year, to note how, as the leader gradually became acquainted and familiar with the "Harp" and "Lyre," tunes from these books instead of being exceptional, gradually became the rule before the end of the year, and those from the other collections there used, the exceptions.

Another event to be "diaried" was my first visit to a Music Hall built in accordance with the theoretical principles of musical architecture—and finding it so far as could be judged from the performances of a small orchestra, a solo violin, and a single voice—perfect.

Theory says that a hall for music should in form be that of two cubes side by side—theory has said that for a long time, but, like wisdom in the streets, no man regarded her. There would be either two great width for the length, not height enough, or some wretched dome rising up in the centre of the ceiling and spoiling the effect everywhere, save in a few exceptional spots—or something else to render the music confused, throw a damper on it, or collect its tones into foci. In the Boston Music Hall I found nothing of all this. Men of science tell us that the laws of light and sound are now proved to be nearly the same. If so, as a brilliant light upon the stage would diffuse its beams equally in all directions, growing fainter in the distance, a music room should be so constructed that tone springing from the same spot should be diffused in a similar manner. This seemed to be the case. Above and below, at this end and that, on this side and on the other, the tones came clear and dis-

tinnet, blending sweetly and yet giving a perfectly clear outline to the whole. In other halls I have had always to try by experiment to find the spot which on the whole would enable me to hear the most important number on the programme to the best advantage. Take the old Melodeon for instance; where the chorus was good the solos were poor, and *vice versa*. Dwight's remark that such a room as the new Hall will be a sensitive test of all imperfections is certainly founded in reason—a good instrument out of tune or badly played shows the defects of the performer far more than a poor one—a good room must do the same for an orchestra, a chorus, or even a single performer.

I was sorry not to hear a grand chorus in that Hall. It would have done much to show whether the position of the singers to each other influences the general effect of the whole. I still believe it does, and that the seats for the chorus in the Hall in question rise too steeply. A case in point: The Philharmonic Society in this city (New York) have recently been rehearsing Schubert's Symphony. Except at the last rehearsal, the performers stood on the floor of the room and the effect was, to my ears, far, far better than when at the last the position of the players was changed by their elevation upon a stage.

Other objection—if the arrangement of the stage be an objection—to the new Music Hall, I can conceive none. What London and Paris, and Berlin, and New York have not ventured to do—be governed by scientific theory in the structure of a music hall—Boston has done, and she possesses, I verily believe, the best in the world!

Somebody said that this room was a bad one to speak in. So was a certain philosopher's study bad to swing a cat in; but, said the wise man, I do not want to swing a cat in it!

Jan. 20. "An anonymous lover of Beethoven's 9th Symphony sends the sum of fifty dollars as a present to the orchestra, whenever this work is performed at the Gewandhaus, at Leipzig."

Knowing the enthusiasm which the great work of Beethoven excites in the land of its production, in the minds of the few, and the extra expenses incurred by the musical societies in its production, I have no doubt of the truth of the above statement. And what a noble method of encouraging a taste for the highest in Art! Compare this present of fifty dollars to a musical society, in its consequences upon the progress of music in Leipzig, with presents of costly jewelry, &c., to itinerant singers and dancers, as the fashion usually is. When will anything be done in this city of New York toward sustaining a society which will give us the 9th Symphony of Beethoven, or one which will perform Oratorio music?

The "anonymous lover" mentioned above can hardly agree in sentiment with the English critic, who thus wrote on occasion of the third performance of the Choral Symphony some years since in London:

"The chorus is in many places exceedingly imposing and effective, but then there is so much of it, so many sudden pauses and odd and almost ludicrous passages for the horn and bassoon, so much rambling and vociferous execution to the violins and stringed instruments, without any decisive effect or definite meaning—and to crown all, the deafening, boisterous jollity of the concluding part, wherein besides the usual allotment of triangles, drums, trumpets, &c., &c., all the known acoustical missile instruments I should conceive were employed with the assistance of their able allies, the corps of *sforzandos*, *crescendos*, *accelerandos*, and many other *os*, that they made even the very ground shake under us, and would, with their fearful uproar, have been sufficiently penetrating to call up from their peaceful graves (if such things were permitted) the revered shades of Tallis, Purcell, and Gibbons, and even of Handel and Mozart, to witness and deplore the obstreperous roarings of modern frenzy in their Art."

Jan. 21. The following from a report in the *Tribune* to-day of Fry's last lecture is excellent. What might not Anna Stone, and numberless others have been had we for the last thirty years had a musical academy either in Boston or New York worthy of the name!

"Talk as we will, until we render our Art national, our position in the world of culture will be mean and provincial. I regret to find so little national feeling existent here, on the subject of Art. Our whole concern

in music appears to be to hear an individual singer. Whether such singing is a permanency in the country; whether it places us beyond vulgar provincialism is not an open question at all. Whether such singing stimulates the production of American musical works is never considered. Six hundred thousand dollars were spent on a single singer lately; and if six thousand dollars were required to place American composition on a level with European, it would not be raised in the thirty-two States. Six hundred thousand dollars spent in founding a Conservatoire, would turn out every year, for all time to come, one hundred of the best instructed American composers, vocalists and instrumentalists, and would place us at once, artistically, on a level with any nation of Europe."

Jan. 22. A correspondent tells *Dwight's Journal* that the "Messiah" was performed in King's Chapel fifty-seven years ago. Is that true? On what occasion? by whom? and many other such queries might be put. Was not the performance of the "Messiah" and "Creation" by the Handel and Haydn Society, in 1817, the first time those great works were ever performed in America? I am very sure I have seen it so recorded, but have not the book to refer to. Will some one clear this matter up?

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 5, 1853.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY will be heard to-night for the first time in Boston, and (with one exception, which can scarcely be counted) the first time in America, and by probably the largest crowd our Music Hall can hold. Indeed it is the crowd, more than anything else, that we fear as an obstacle to the general understanding and enjoyment of so great and elaborate a work. By all means, we would beg all who go, not only to listen with that earnestness without which a grand and rare opportunity is thrown away, but also to withhold all encouragement from the whispering and bustle, which are almost a necessary nuisance in larger crowds than can all get comfortably seated. The "GERMANIANS" will certainly do their part to make Beethoven's meaning clear. They have spent hours together every day for the last fortnight in the most severe and faithful rehearsals, and have done it with unanimous enthusiasm; the orchestra will be strengthened by some half-a-dozen extra violins and other instruments. The chorus in the last movement will have nearly the full force of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the quartet of solo voices consists of Miss STONE, Miss HUMPHREY, Mr. LOW and Mr. THOS. BALL. These choruses are very difficult and cannot receive full justice unless the whole band of performers are wrought up to that pitch of enthusiasm which possessed Beethoven when he overstepped the bounds of instrumental music to bring in this "Hymn to Joy" and celebrate as it were a grand love feast of all mankind. Still, the glorious intention of the music will not be lost upon the audience.

We are almost sorry on the whole that we copied last week the sentimental romance about the origin of this Ninth Symphony, which the Germanians have distributed in pamphlet form; since, in the first part especially, it libels Beethoven by presenting him under a melo-dramatic and absurd aspect. To-day we translate, as well as a quite involved German style would permit, the programme by Richard Wagner, which, whether it be in all respects the interpretation of this Symphony or not, at all events forms a consistent and, we trust, intelligible whole. The parallels from Goethe's words are happy; they are all from "Faust," and we have adopted the

translation of Miss Anna Swanwick, published in Bohn's Library, which is perhaps the most successful of all the metrical versions of "Faust." The translation of Schiller's Hymn is from an old volume of our own, which was published some twelve years since, under the title of "Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller."

As to the music itself, several hearings at rehearsals make us confident in assuring our friends, that they will not find it so mystical and unintelligible and *outré*, as they may have been taught to expect. We never heard a symphony that at first hearing seemed more clear. And it has the advantage over most others in that respect, in the fact that we have a clue to its meaning. The "Joy" chorus explains the intention of all that goes before. The first movement, indeed, might seem strange if heard with no idea of what it is all tending to. The second, the Scherzo, is jovial and happy enough for the most careless listener. The Adagio is heavenly, as pure and clear as Mozart. The last movement opens with a few crashing chords, indicative of extreme impatience; then comes a most impressive novelty, the lofty recitative of the double-basses, which seem actually to *speak*, as if demanding some new and fuller form of utterance. The other instruments allude one by one, to the various themes of the foregoing movements, and the basses in fragments of recitative seem to say: "No, no, that will not do," until at last they chant the simple tune of the "Hymn to Joy," and a human voice comes in, marshalling in the entire chorus. At all events there is beauty enough, and grandeur enough, and variety enough, and fire and soul enough in this music throughout, to save it even with those who do not begin to understand it as it should be understood.

ORATORIO. To-morrow evening another great work of Beethoven! His oratorio, originally called "The Mount of Olives," founded on the last scenes in the life of Christ, but changed by an Englishman into "Engedi," or "David in the Wilderness," is to be performed by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The change of subject originated in the feeling which naturally arises at the idea of a singer as it were impersonating the character of Jesus. Hence David and the history of his persecution by Saul were substituted, as affording situations somewhat analogous, while of the actual words, many, being of a general character, and taken from the Psalms, stand as in the original text used by Beethoven. Perhaps the substituted text is in better taste; but otherwise we see no actual call for it. An Oratorio is not a drama. The solo singer does not stand before us as a person in a play. In the true conception of an Oratorio, which is epical and narrative, the singer sings the words of Christ only in the same sense that the minister reads them from the pulpit. But Beethoven's Oratorio is fairly open to the criticism of being too dramatic in its treatment, and so, it appears, he thought himself. In Schindler's biography we find only the following account of the composition of the work:

"In the year 1800 we find Beethoven engaged in the composition of his 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' the first performance of which took place on the 5th of April, 1803. He wrote this work during his Summer-residence at Hetzen-dorf, a pleasant village, closely contiguous to the gardens of the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, where he passed several summers of his life in



profound seclusion. There he again resided in 1805, and wrote his "Fidelio." A circumstance connected with both these great works, and of which Beethoven many years afterwards still retained a lively recollection, was, that he composed them in the thickest part of the wood in the park of Schönbrunn, seated between the two stems of an oak, which shot out from the main trunk at the height of about two feet from the ground. This remarkable tree, in that part of the park to the left of the Gloriet, I found with Beethoven in 1823, and the sight of it called forth interesting reminiscences of the former period. With respect to the above-mentioned Oratorio, I ought not to omit mentioning the circumstance, that Beethoven, in the last year of his life, found fault with himself for having treated the part of Christ too dramatically, and would have given a great deal to be able to correct that "fault." Towards the end of the autumn of 1800 his Second Symphony, and the Concerto in C minor, were performed for the first time.

"Engedi" contains much fine and impressive music. The closing "Hallelujah" is as grand as anything after Handel. The semi-choruses, where David's enemies approach to seize him, are wonderfully descriptive. The opening chorus, with soprano solo, in which Miss STONE's clarion voice revels to its highest height, is magnificent. But in much of this music you cannot but feel that the mighty symphonist was not altogether at home in writing for the voice. Every allowance should be made for the principal tenor, especially; Mr. BALL sang "Waft her Angels" well last year; his part this time contains most ungrateful music for the voice,—so high, so covered up with instrumentation, so instrumental rather than vocal in its passages, and sometimes even so commonplace. This gentleman deserves credit for his willingness to undertake, for the general good, music which can scarcely place any singer in a favorable light. Mr. B. F. BAKER has the bass solos. The orchestral parts are rich and are to be played by the "GERMANIANS," their leader, Mr. BERGMANN, being conductor of the whole.

The oratorio is a very short one; hence a first part will be given, consisting of the overture to Mehul's "Joseph," and a solo (by Mrs. WENTWORTH) and chorus from "Elijah."

### The Opera.

MADAME ALBONI's opening night filled the parquet and dress circle of the Howard with a most brilliant and fashionable assemblage. The second circle was by no means full, while the gallery above was well stocked with critics, dilettanti and such as go from real love of music, thus converting the sky-parlor of loafer-dom into an eminently respectable place. In the play and the performance we were disappointed. The plot of this Rossini "Cenerentola" was extremely meagre; it was emptied of all the charm of the nursery story; it had not even half the interest of the English version of Rophino Lacy; while we missed the pieces of fine music which he combined into it from other operas, and which form the most abiding charm of the thing as we remember it in the days of the Woods and the Seguins. There were no fairies, no slipper, no pumpkins, no liliputian coachmen, not even a ball-room scene. The music, to be sure, had all the zest and sparkle of Rossini, chiefly felt in the orchestral parts. But even here it was much marred by a rough and noisy orchestra. The male chorus bawled and the female screamed; while of ALBONI's principal assistants, Sig. SANGIOVANNI, sweet and smooth as is his voice, sang feebly

and made a most lifeless Prince, and the two sisters, to whose voices belongs not a little of the pleasantest music, were barely tolerable. Sig. ROVERE, the buffo, has been praised much for his singing and acting in the part of the pompous old fool of a father, and certainly was exceedingly at home in his business; yet he overdid the thing sometimes until the humor thereof staled. COLLETTI, with rather a thick voice, sang and acted the part of Dandini well.

And what of ALBONI? what of the contralto queen, in this, one of her most famous parts? Until the finale her part was entirely secondary; there she shone out episodically. When she stood there covered up with jewels, a large and glittering embodiment of all material luxuries, and when there streamed forth from her lips, without a particle of action or effort, the luxurious melody of *Nacqui all'affanno* and *Non più mesta*,—then she was truly great, the veritable ALBONI we had read of. Then for the first time was there some real enthusiasm in the audience. Before that, she had confined herself to the simple and undemonstrative requirements of her part, now and then flowing forth in a delicious little strain of melody, but oftener blending her voice with others in a way which she never makes too individually prominent. But Alboni's figure and whole nature are unfit for Cinderella. In plain attire she can not charm; she needs, and with her brilliant complexion and luxurious style of being can support, a great deal of dress. In her action and all the little by-play she overdid nothing, but was uninteresting because there was no room for the frolic vein of her nature. It is only where the poor chrysalis Cinderella comes out the gorgeous butterfly queen, that the latent Alboni genius warms up and verifies its own tradition.

Second Night. Quite differently went it with *La Figlia del Reggimento*. The whole opera passed off with the utmost spirit, delighting the audience (much larger than before) from the beginning to the end. The opera itself is a very bright and taking one, one of the happiest specimens of the rare dramatic tact and talent for effective combination that distinguish Donizetti. The music is fresh and piquant and effective; many of the airs very happy in their way; and there is no flagging of interest throughout. Everybody seemed to enter into it *con amore*. ALBONI herself was evidently too sincerely happy in imagining herself a *vivandiere* and daughter to a regiment. She was all activity and frolic enthusiasm throughout. You would not have believed her before capable of so much animation. There was a unique charm and *gusto* about all she did; it passed off with an air. Her roll-call and *Rataplan* at the head of the regiment, in which she displayed scientific drumming, was absurdly unfeminine, but yet so clever a frolic that the gravest of the audience could not but give way to the humor of it. Her singing was in all parts delicious; never before have we recognized so much spirit and *gusto* in her mellifluous passages. The parting from the regiment had at least a most lively semblance of pathos, and the change of tone and manner, as of costume, when the gay, but true-hearted child of the camp is transported to the elegant *cuvée* of high life, was very perfect. Inimitable was the scene of the music lesson, where she flings away the stilted, sentimental French song, which her Marchioness aunt would teach her, at the first muttering of the *Rataplan* by the impatient, good old sergeant, sitting across the room. And we must give ROVERE credit for impersonating that part to perfection, besides finely rendering all the recitative and melody that fell to him. SANGIOVANNI, too, sang the often difficult and florid music of his part with taste and finish, and with a little more life and effectiveness than we have felt in him before.

The *Figlia* was to be repeated last night, and on Monday we are to have ALBONI as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, the part in which she seems to have outstripped all competitors, past and present, in New

York, if we may believe some of the severest critics there.

The three performances of next week are all that remain of this short term of the Alboni Opera. Our readers will take notice, by the advertisement, that the piece will commence *half an hour earlier* than heretofore.

### Concerts of the Past Week.

MISS ELISE HENSLE's Benefit Concert, on Friday of last week, was one of the most interesting occasions of the musical season. The "GERMANIANS," who gave the feast, opened some of their best old wine of orchestral music: namely, the Overture to the *Zauberflöte*, which we never heard presented with such delicacy and distinctness, (this immortal work is getting popular—it actually was *encored* not long since at a "Musical Fund" rehearsal) and the lovely, tranquil Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony;—besides Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" (arranged by Berlioz) and Meyerbeer's strange but effective *Fackeltanz*, or piece for a torch-light procession, by way of finale. Mr. JAELE played two pieces of Chopin: the *Ballade* in G minor, and the *Valse*, Op. 64,—verily a most choice selection. And little CAMILLA URSO performed Leonard's *Souvenir de Haydn*.

The singing was all good. Miss LEHMANN sang *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*, from the "Frey-schütz," with her usual fervor and largeness of style. Miss HUMPHREY gave a recitative and air from "St. Paul" in a rich and pure contralto voice, with perfect truth of intonation and of feeling. And the fair beneficiary gave such sweet and potent proof of the rare beauty of her voice, as made it painful to think these were its last tones to our ears, but for the reflection that she goes to Italy to develop that fine organ, as it merits, and that we may one day hear her as a finished artist. Her sympathetic, penetrating, clear, rich upper tones never reached us so interiorly as that night in the Aria from *Don Pasquale*, the little *Lied* of Curschmann (*An Rose*), and especially in the *Quis est homo*, which she sang with Miss Lehmann.

The audience amounted to above a thousand persons, and the concert realized about \$275 to her education fund. Miss HENSLE sailed for Europe, accompanied by her father, on Wednesday. May Art do for her as much as nature has done, and we shall receive her back a singer of the most satisfactory, if not the most ambitious, stamp.

At the last public rehearsal, and at the last concert of the MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY, the principal feature was Mozart's Symphony in E flat. Good judges tell us it was finely played.

The last "Rehearsal" of the GERMANIANS overflowed the Music Hall again. Mozart's exquisite Symphony in G minor, than which there can scarcely be found finer music, though it employs no trumpets or trombones, or clarinets, was admirably performed. So was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, with OTTO DRESEL at the piano. These things were intensely enjoyed by the mass of the audience, excepting those unfortunates, who finding only standing-places on the outskirts, might as well have listened with a swarm of bees about their heads, as there amid the busy buzz of half-fledged beaux and belles about the doors and corridors.

THE MENDELSSOHN BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL, on Thursday night, passed off gloriously. It was the best audience, best programme, and best performance of the season; and it was remarkable that one composer's works, within the limits of strictly Chamber music, and not even including the human voice, could

Orders or notes for Sig. G. may be addressed to him at G. P. Reed & Co.'s Music Store, 17 Tremont Row, and at Oliver Ditson's, 115 Washington street. Feb. 5.







